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Miscellaneous.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE

And its Revelations.

(Concluded)

Having now described the construction of the leviathan telescope, we shall next proceed to show the manner in which it is used, and then endeavor to introduce the reader to a few of the extraordinary celestial wonders which it reveals. As "soon as the evening shades prevail," the observatory staff, consisting of an astronomer and four men, prepare the instrument for observing. The eye-pieces, and micrometers for measuring the stars and nebulae, are carefully cleaned and adjusted, and should the night prove propitious for observing, the telescope is at once set to its work. And this is the highest in the whole range of astronomical observation. In the infancy of science, when astronomers for want of instruments only saw the out-works, as it were, of the starry firmament, the invention of the telescope revealed thousands of brilliant orbs, hitherto unseen because invisible. As this invaluable instrument became improved, new wonders burst on the sight; and it was reserved for the Herschels to introduce us to systems in sublime perspective, vastly separated in space, and apparently unlimited in

number and far beyond the region of the so-called fixed stars. These were the nebulae, a term of modern date, for the word *nebulous*, was formerly applied to clusters of small stars. With the aid of reflecting telescopes, the two Herschels examined nearly 3000 nebulae and clusters of stars, an elaborate catalogue of which is given in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*. We do not mean to say that these distinguished astronomers were the first to make us aware of the existence of nebulae; but the superior power of the instruments which they employed enabled them to add wonderfully to our knowledge of the construction of the heavens.

Nebulae, as their name imports, are dim and misty-looking objects, but powerful telescopes resolve several of them into stars; while, at the same time, every increase of telescopic power brings fresh and unresolved nebulae into view. These facts, combined with the circumstance that a vast number of the nebulae catalogued by the Herschels are represented as a mere patch of milky-light, led Lord Rosse to determine on re-examining those nebulae, as he had little doubt that the superior power of his large telescope would resolve many which

were irresolvable by the instruments used in their former examination. And here we may with propriety give the reader some idea of the relative power of the telescopes used by the above distinguished astronomers.

The extreme stars which are generally visible to the naked eye are those which are styled the sixth magnitude; some persons, however, gifted with very acute vision, may penetrate into space, under favorable circumstances as far as those of the seventh. If we take *Sirius*, which is the most brilliant star in the heavens, and adopt magnitude for distance, it follows, according to the above range of human sight, that it would appear as a star of the sixth magnitude were it removed to twelve times its distance from us. If the same star were removed to a distance seventy-five times as great, or, in other words, to the 900th order of distance, it would be visible in the twenty foot reflector used by the Herschels in their surveys; but by Lord Rosse's telescope we should still see it if it were removed to the 3436th order of distances. In other words, it reveals celestial objects at such bewildering and inconceivable distances, that light would be nearly 20,000 years traveling from them to the earth, though constantly speeding at the known rate of 192,000 miles in a second of time. We are happy to have it in our power to quote Sir John Herschel's opinion of Lord Rosse's leviathan telescope, delivered on the occasion of that nobleman reading a paper on the nebula numbered 25 in Herschel's catalogue.

Sir John Herschel declared that he could not explain to the section the strong feelings and emotion with which he saw this old and familiar acquaintance in the very new dress in which the more powerful instrument of Lord Rosse's presented it. He then sketched on a piece of paper the appearance under which he had been accus-

tomed to see it, which was a nucleus, surrounded by a ring-shaped nebulous light, with a nebulous curve stretching from one part of the ring to nearly the opposite. This had very strongly suggested to his mind what our system of stars, surrounded by the milky way dividing into its two great branches, would appear if seen at a sufficient distance. But now this nebula is shown in such a way as greatly to modify, if not totally to change, former opinions. In the first place, under the examination of the more powerful instrument, the nucleus became distinctly resolved into its constituent stars, which his telescope is not powerful enough to accomplish; and it now turned out that the appearance which he had taken for a second branch of the ring, was a nebulous offshoot stretching from the principal nebula, and connecting it with a neighboring much smaller one. This was to him quite a new feature in the history of nebulae. The general appearance of the nebula as now presented, strongly suggested the leading features of the shell of a snail rather than a ring. He felt a delight he could not express, when he contemplated the achievements likely to be performed by this splendid telescope; and he had no doubt that, by opening up new scenes of the grandeur of the creation, it would tend to elevate and enoble our conceptions of the great and beneficent Architect; the raising of our thoughts to whom should be the aim of all our researches, as the advancing our knowledge of Him, and the grateful tracings of the benefits and blessings with which he had surrounded us, was the noblest aim of all that deserved the name of science.

The prophetic language of Sir John Herschel has been in a great measure realized. The profundities of space hitherto wholly inaccessible have been sounded, and not only have many nebulae been resolved, but such peculiarities of structure have been observed as, in

Lord Rosse's words, "seem even to indicate the presence of dynamical laws, which we may, perhaps, fancy to be almost within our grasp."

It is exceedingly difficult to curb the pen into sobriety of expression when dwelling on the aspect of some of these marvelous objects. Our first view through the mighty tube was at one of the most brilliant nebulae, known by the name of the Dumb-bell. Never shall we forget the breathless interest with which we entered the lofty gallery and took our stand before the object-glass. The field of vision was sown with myriads of stars, but as we gazed there came a dawn of stronger light, which increased in brilliancy as the nebula rose to view, and when it occupied the field, the spectacle which it presented was gorgeous in the extreme. The second nebula which we had the gratification of seeing was that of *Orion*. This nebula is peculiarly interesting to astronomers, and to philosophers generally, in its relation to Sir William Herschel's nebular theory. That distinguished observer, from certain peculiarities which he detected in some of the unresolved nebulae, was induced to imagine that, "many of the milky spots were not remote galaxies, but, on the contrary, accumulations of a shining fluid akin to the cometic, and probably located at no great remoteness, amid the interstellar intervals of our heavens."

In some instances the shining matter was chaotic, and presented no definite structure; but in the midst of other masses there seemed a gradual alteration of this amorphous form, and it was thought that the constitution of nuclei might be detected, around which the matter appeared gathering.

The nebula of *Orion* was regarded as a test in some degree of Herschel's hypothesis, and to that remarkable object the large telescope was early directed.

The night on which it was first

observed was far from favorable; and it was found impracticable to use more than half the magnifying power which the speculum bears; yet, under these disadvantages, it was plainly seen that all about the trapezium was a mass of stars; that the rest of the nebula also abounded with stars, and that it exhibited the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked.

Subsequent observations, under more favorable circumstances, have confirmed in all respects this first impression. The extraordinary object—"the glory and wonder of the starry universe," as it has been styled, has been distinctly resolved; and what was thought to be a mottled region, turns out to be a blaze of stars. Viewing all this glory during the silent night-watches, the words of holy writ came strongly to mind,—"*Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like Him? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?*"

The number and variety of nebulae is astounding. The firmament literally swarms with them. Those denominated spirals are among the most remarkable, sending out their long streamers of stars from a brilliant centre. They vary in extent, aspect, brightness, and resolvability; but a certain degree of sphericity is indicated by their being generally brightest towards the middle. It has been proposed to class nebulae into—1. Clusters, where all the stars are readily distinguishable. 2. Resolvable nebulae, or such as there is every reason to believe consists of stars. 3. Nebulae, properly so called, which no telescopic power can resolve. 4. Planetary nebulae, possessing circular or slightly oval discs. 5. Stellar nebulae, approaching to the appearance of

stars; and 6. Nebulous stars, or nebulae connected with very small stars which might be classed together. These may be subdivided into annular, spiral, knotted, and other forms. Lord Rosse is in the habit of calling all nebulae spirals in which he detects a curvilinear arrangement not consisting of regular re-entering curves. He has discovered several of these in the early part of this year. The sketching of nebula is an exceedingly delicate and difficult operation. For when the nebula is faint, the feeblest amount of lamp-light must be employed to depict the object; and even this light unfits the eye of the observer for deep and steady vision.

The reader will now understand why Lord Rosse has selected the nebulae for the nightly task-work of his unparalleled instrument.* They carry the mind into the highest region of astronomy: and though to grasp by mental efforts the magnificent unity of that wondrous system of worlds, of which our own globe is but as a molecule, is not given to man, yet it may be ours to soar with steadier wing, and more sustained energy, far beyond the flights of our forefathers. The noble astronomer of Parsonstown is indeed a true type of Thomson's Philosopher:—

Not to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined—the radiant tracks on high
Are his exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through, and from that full complex
Of never ending wonders, to conceive
Of the SOLE BEING right.

We shall conclude this branch of our subject by quoting Sir John Herschel's words respecting nebulae and nebular theory:—

The nebulae furnish in every point of view an inexhaustible field of speculation and conjecture. That by far the larger share of them consists of stars there can be little doubt; and in the interminable range of system upon system

and firmament upon firmament which we thus catch a glimpse of, the imagination is bewildered and lost. On the other hand, if it be true, as, to say the least, it seems extremely probable, that a phosphorescent or self-luminous matter also exists, disseminated through extensive regions of space in the manner of a cloud or fog, now assuming capricious shapes, like actual clouds drifted by the wind, and now concentrating itself, like a cometic appearance, around particular stars; what, we naturally ask, is the nature and destination of this nebulous matter? Is it absorbed by the stars in whose neighborhood it is found, to furnish by its condensation their supply of light and heat? or is it progressively concentrating itself by the effect of its own gravity into masses, and so laying the foundation of new sidereal systems, or of isolated stars? It is easier to propound such questions than to offer any probable reply to them. Meanwhile appeal to fact, by the method of constant and diligent observation, is open to us, and as the double stars have yielded to this kind of questioning, and disclosed a series of relations of the most intelligible and interesting description, we may reasonably hope that the assiduous study of nebulae will, ere long, lead to some clearer understanding of their intimate nature.

Such are those objects which we, with our finite senses, have termed nebulae. It may be the good fortune of future astronomers to fathom the mysterious nature of these bodies; but should they fail in this high task, we shall not err in ascribing to their laws of matter and motion the same almighty wisdom which we find pervading every thing created by Jehovah, and with which we are permitted to become acquainted.

And canst thou think, poor worm! these orbs of light,
In size immense, in number infinite,
Where made for thee alone?

* The results of the examination of several nebulae have lately been communicated to the Royal Society by Lord Rosse.

Of course it is impossible to perceive how far into the depths of space the march of science may lead us. As with the microscope, so with the telescope, every improvement in those instruments which increases their magnifying power, or renders their lenses or mirrors more transparent, or more reflective, introduces us to new creations; and it appears probable that it is only the excessive remoteness of certain celestial bodies, and the want of penetrating power possessed by our telescopes, that cause them to appear to us as mere glimmers of light.

Sir William Herschel, as the inscription on his monument at Up-tou finely says, "broke through the inclosures of the heavens;" and although he retreated when he found himself among depths whose light could not have reached him in much less than four thousand years, yet his successors, armed with keener and more space-penetrating vision, may advance beyond former bounds, and inform us of varieties of splendor of which we have no comprehension.

Descending through the strata of celestial space, we come to what we call the fixed stars, but which doubtless only seem unchangeable in their position on account of our limited vision. Those eyes of Providence, as they were entitled by ancient astronomers, are glorious objects to view through the large telescope. Their brilliancy and infinite number startle and bewilder the beholder. Some notion may be gathered of their multitude, from the fact, that Lord Rosse's huge cyclopiian orb renders stars of the 2016th order of distances visible. As with the nebulae, so with the fixed stars, mile-measures utterly fail to convey anything like a just appreciation of the remoteness of these objects. The star 61 *Cygni*, which is one of the nearest to us, has been computed to be 62,481,500,000 miles from the earth. Such distances as this place these orbs utterly beyond our ken; but they are not without their use

to us; they have been well described as landmarks of the universe, for amid the endless and complicated fluctuations of our system, they seem placed by an Almighty and All-wise hand as guides and records to erring man.

It is, however, after all, when we enter upon the comparatively proximate region of the planets, that the great and searching power of Lord Rosse's large instrument becomes fully apparent to us. Indeed, it is difficult to avoid the risk of being suspected of exaggeration, writing of the moon as it appears in a favorable condition of the atmosphere, when viewed by the above telescope. *Saturn* is another extraordinary object. The two rings are seen with amazing distinctness, and the satellites themselves are orbs of great glory and brilliancy. How different are all these revelations to those enjoyed by our astronomical forefathers! Such was the imperfection of early instruments, that *Saturn*, from the date which we attach to the creation, made 190 revolutions before the beautiful appendage of his rings were revealed to the eye of man. And when Galileo discovered that the figure of the planet was not round but oblong, his telescope was so weak that he could not discriminate the rings; and subsequent observers stated, that when *Saturn* "was beheld with some great telescope, he was seen with anses or arms fastened to the two sides of his disque."

But while it is a subject of congratulation that science has so greatly increased the power of astronomical instruments, and particularly that of the reflecting telescope, it should not be forgotten that this gauger of the heavens, with all its original imperfections, did good service to astronomy. Among the scientific treasures possessed by the Royal Society, there is none more highly valued than a small pasteboard tube nine inches long, fitted with a speculum two inches and three tenths in diameter. Nor will the lover of science con-

tinue to feel surprise when he learns that this is the original reflecting telescope, and that it was invented and constructed by the immortal Newton in 1671. Insignificant as this humble instrument appears when contrasted with Lord Rosse's leviathan, yet we find its illustrious maker stating in a letter to the Royal Society, dated March 16, 1671—"With the telescope which I made, I have sometimes seen remote objects, and particularly the moon, very distinct."

We cannot conclude this imperfect sketch of the wonders at Parsonstown, without adverting to the zeal manifested by Lord Rosse in the cause of science. Not satisfied by the triumphant feat of having constructed the largest telescope in the world, his nights are spent in his observatory, from whence he is summoned when any novel object is revealed to the working observers.

But these night-watches, though harrassing and laborious, do not damp his lordship's ardor, nor materially interfere with his day studies. Experiments of the most costly and delicate nature are constantly made; and those, who like ourselves, have had the privilege of an introduction to the laboratory of Parsonstown Castle, will not easily forget the astonishing manipulatory skill of its noble proprietor.

I have often observed that a warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man. A man who gets into a habit of inquiring about proprieties, and expediencies, and occasions, often spends his life without doing anything to purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say loudly to every man, "Do something," "do it," "do it."—*Cecil*.

There is no time of life in which men for the most part seem less to expect the stroke of death, than when every other eye sees it impending, or are more busy in preparing for another year than when it is plain to all but themselves that at another year they cannot arrive.—*Id.*

Inland Waters.

We have received the Tenth Annual Report of the Philadelphia Sabbath Association, from which we learn that the Association have employed a part of the year, six canal missionaries on the canals of Pennsylvania, besides the General Agent, Rev. Jeremiah Miller, the whole year; that the receipts of the society have been \$2535 89; that the expenditures have been \$1902 14, leaving a balance in the Treasury of \$633 75. We give below a few extracts from the reports of some of the canal missionaries.

One says:—

"Great is the contrast between the boatmen on these canals now, with what they were when I commenced my labors six years ago. Then, I could scarcely enter a boat without beholding cards and card playing, but during my present engagement I have not seen a single card on board a boat; then, constant quarreling and fighting, now, comparative peace and order; then, no Sabbath was known among them, now, especially upon the Lehigh, the Sabbath is a day of rest and quietness; then, pious boatmen were not found on the canal, or if any ventured on, they very soon, by force of circumstances, were compelled to leave, but now a number are there who adorn their profession, and exert a powerful influence for the restraining of evil and encouragement of good among the boatmen.

This is particularly manifested in our private interviews with them, as we visit from boat to boat. It is then that frequent allusion is made to former interviews, the sermon preached, the private exhortation given, and the little, silent, but often effectual tract, which has been placed in their hand by your missionary. On one occasion, the captain, a pious man, remarked with much feeling, that your missionary, in the hands of God, had been the

instrument of saving him from total apostacy and probable perdition, by timely appearing on a Sabbath morning, and prevented a boatmen's fight into which he had been nearly drawn, and instead of the threatened fight, the solemn worship of the Most High was engaged in, and the poor backslider was awakened to a sense of his danger and unfaithfulness, and led to renew his covenant with God. Another said, "The tract you gave me on swearing, set that vice in such light before me as to make me shudder, and I think has cured me of that bad practice." A large portion look upon their situation as peculiarly unfavorable to the cultivation of piety.

The driver boys form an interesting group in our field of labor, and it is important that your missionary should pay especial attention to them. This I have endeavored to do, and not without some happy results. Says one little boy, "Sir you are the only one who seems to take any interest in me, nobody cares for me, and I find it very hard to do what I think is right, here on the canal, but I will try. I don't swear for I think it is very wrong; I have the 'Swearer's Prayer'; I will try to go to church whenever I can." Another, as in perfect ignorance, when reproved for swearing, says, "Why what harm is there in it, I never heard it was wrong." A Roman Catholic boy who had seen another with a Testament, and been permitted to read some in it, met me on the tow path, and asked if he too could get one, and when I expressed my doubt at that time, not remembering whether I had any remaining, with feeling he said, "O! sir, do give me one, I want to read it," and when I found one he received it with many thanks.

Another Missionary says:—

Our tracts are in general gladly read; sometimes, however, they are destroyed—an instance of which I will relate. A lock-keeper, who witnessed the destruction of some tracts given to a boatman,

remonstrated with him for doing so. Without attempting to justify himself, he appeared chagrined; and, in passing through the same lock afterwards, he alluded again and again to his wickedness and ingratitude in destroying those tracts. Thus, while he evinced sincere regret for this single act, he was led to reflect upon the sins of a whole life, and before long, through the blessing of God, he became a changed and pious man. God works in his own way. In this instance, the very act that would have saddened a missionary's heart, was overruled to the conversion of this man.

The Sabbath school for driver-boys has been to me a source of great encouragement. The boys are mostly pleased with the idea. It is truly interesting to see a number of these friendless youths collected together under the shade of a neighboring building, to hear them read in the New Testament, and talk to them of the worth of their priceless souls; and, last and best of all, to hear them say, "Our Father who art in heaven," in the tones parental affection has taught, and with the seriousness and simplicity of childhood's happier and better hours. How beautiful, in reply to the inquiry, "Who taught you this?" to hear them answer, *My Mother!*

I usually gave Testaments to those boys who had none, either on board or at home, exacting from them a promise that they would commit to memory some verses marked for them, and also to quit swearing; the boys agreed to watch each other and inform me when any of their number violated his promise.

Upon one occasion, in giving Testaments to several boys, I observed a lad watching my movements with the greatest interest, and when I approached him, he said, "I would like to have a Testament." As usual, I inquired whether he had not one already. With evident emotion, as if he feared I would not give him the book

he so much desired, he replied, "I have one, but a part of it is lost. I would like to have one that has it all in." Upon examination, I found that a part of the poor boy's Testament was truly gone, and that it gave other evidence of having been read; so that I felt encouraged to give him another *with it all in*. There are other such boys on the canal, in whose hearts the seeds of Divine truth seem to have been sown, almost in infancy, perhaps by the prayers and tears of fond and faithful parents, now in the grave.

One Sabbath afternoon I went out to the place where I usually met the boatmen, at E——, intending to address them. Instead, however, of finding them quietly awaiting my arrival, I found sixty or seventy boatmen assembled on the bridge, about to engage in a promiscuous fight. The very atmosphere seemed polluted with their imprecations. Every means, entreaty, and remonstrance were made use of to separate the contending parties, and disperse the excited mob, but with little effect. Blows had already been given, the crowd of angry men was drawing closer and closer together, and the scene was becoming truly terrific. What could be done? Was I to be defeated and driven off my own ground by the machinations of the Evil One? No! with the help of God, it should not be so! Like a whisper from Heaven, it occurred to me just at this juncture, that there was a power that could control and subdue these angry elements and say to them "Peace, be still." Giving my little bundle of tracts to a bystander, whose countenance betrayed the interest he took in my effort, I stood up on a small elevation, and commenced addressing them in a loud voice to this effect:—"There is a God above, who sees the transactions of this hour, and who will bring us to judgment for every oath and angry word. How grossly we have sinned this instant! how much need have we to ask that God against

whom we have so sinned to pardon us! Let us, therefore, all pray." There was still some loud talking. I commenced prayer, however, and very soon my own voice was the only one heard. Immediately after prayer, a most brazen infidel, with whom I had been contending for hours in the early part of the day, came up, extending both hands to me, exclaiming, "You have made the lion and the lamb lie down together." Yes, truly, not I, but God; for after talking a short time, I distributed tracts among them, and the very men who had been most furious left the place arm in arm, with a tract in each hand. The infidel, whom no arguments could move, now acknowledged the truth and power of religion.

Another Missionary says:

An old boatman one day spoke to me of the changes which had taken place on the canal, for the better, since the missionaries labored among them, and appeared delighted in the work; but he said, "I was religious once, and lived a happy life, with a bright prospect of heaven, but I commenced boating, and was *compelled by the force of circumstances, to break the Sabbath*, even to carry goods on Sunday for those who were members of churches, and thus I backslid, and now feel that I am going to the grave and to hell. I cannot feel as I once did, nor have I any hope of repenting again, knowing I have violated God's holy day and laws so long that there is no mercy for me." He warmly alluded to the merchants and professed Christians that limited them for the delivery of goods, so as to be compelled to run on Sunday. The boatmen often say, "we are *bound to time* by the merchants, and are therefore forced to run on Sunday, or lose part of our pay, and reputation for carrying goods."

It is an extraordinary fact, that when people come to what is commonly called "high words," they generally use low language.

Law and Conscience.

We give the following as a literary curiosity, an interesting fact in the early history of Pennsylvania, as showing William Penn's views of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the liberty of conscience.

In the "GREAT LAW, or body of laws of the province of Pennsylvania and territories thereunto belonging, passed at an Assembly at Chester, alias Upland, the 7th day of the 12th month, December, 1682," a few weeks after the landing of William Penn, the following is the preamble and first article :

"Whereas the glory of Almighty God, and the good of mankind, is the reason and end of government, and therefore government, in itself, is a venerable ordinance of God ; and forasmuch as it is principally desired and intended by the proprietary and governor, and the freemen of the province of Pennsylvania, and territories thereunto belonging, to make and establish such laws as shall best preserve true Christians and civil liberty, in opposition to all unchristian, licentious and unjust practices, whereby God may have his due, Cæsar his due, and the people their due, from tyranny and oppression of the one side, and insolency and licentiousness of the other, so that the best and firmest foundation may be laid for the present and future happiness of both the governor and the people of this province and territories aforesaid, and their posterity : Be it therefore enacted, by William Penn, proprietary and governor, by and with the advice and consent of the deputies of the freemen of this province, and counties aforesaid, in assembly met, and by the authority of the same, that these following chapters and paragraphs, shall be the laws of Pennsylvania and the territories thereof.

1. "Almighty God being only Lord of conscience, father of lights

and spirits, and the author as well as object of all divine knowledge, faith, and worship, who only can enlighten the mind, and persuade and convince the understanding of the people, in due reverence to his sovereignty over the souls of mankind : It is enacted by the authority aforesaid, that no person now or at any time hereafter, living in this province, who shall confess and acknowledge one Almighty God to be the creator, upholder, and ruler of the world, and that professeth him or herself obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly under the civil government, shall in anywise be molested or prejudiced for his or her conscientious persuasion or practice, nor shall he or she at any time be compelled to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place, or ministry whatever, contrary to his or her mind, but shall freely and fully enjoy his or her Christian liberty in that respect, without any interruption or reflection ; and if any person shall abuse or deride any other for his or her different persuasion and practice in matters of religion, such shall be looked upon as a disturber of the peace, and be punished accordingly—*To the end that looseness, irreligion and atheism may not creep in under pretence of conscience, in this province, be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that according to the good example of the primitive Christians, and for the ease of the creation, every FIRST day of the week called the Lord's Day, PEOPLE SHALL ABSTAIN from their common toil and labor, that whether masters, parents, children, or servants, they may the better dispose themselves to read the Scriptures of truth at home, or to frequent such meetings of religious worship abroad as may best suit their respective persuasions."*

It is observable, that in the view of the Society of Friends it was not recognized, as necessary to any man's *liberty of conscience*, that he should break the Sabbath himself, nor compel his neighbor to do so."

Sailors and Insurance.

We are glad to know that the work of promoting the true elevation of the sons of the Sea, is beginning to attract that attention, which has long been withheld, on the part of that portion of the community, which of all others, is most directly interested in the character and conduct of sailors, as a class. To them the merchant entrusts his property; on their integrity, industry and courage, he depends for the return of that property, with the gain which has been added to it, by an exchange of products. The dangers of the sea, which, under all circumstances, are by no means inconsiderable, putting in hazard all that floats upon its bosom, are most materially increased, by the want of skill, and care, and faithfulness, on the part of those whose calling it is 'to go down in ships to do business on the mighty deep.' Correct knowledge, uniform sobriety, and unwavering diligence, on the part of a ship's crew, reduce very materially the dangers with which the navigation of the ocean is attended. Such being the fact, we should naturally suppose that the merchant would be among the foremost in his effort, to second any cause, which tended to elevate the sailor, and make him a sober industrious, and Christian man. We should expect this, on the ground of self-interest, if from no higher principle. The merchant in his business dealings, commonly shows a degree of sagacity which would warrant us in supposing that he would see that a regard to his own interests would lead him, as a mere business operation, where the profit and loss account is involved, to aid in promoting the comfort and the improvement of sailors. But more than this, a feeling of gratitude should at once second the action which self-interest may dictate. The sailor slaves away his life, for small wages, at hard labor, on poor fare, and in constant peril, exposed to the dangers of the deep and the sicknesses of every clime, while the merchant is sitting quietly in his

counting-room, or enjoying the luxuries of a well-furnished home. How many in this community, and in every commercial city, owe to the labors of the hardy sailor, the fortune which has not only raised them above the wants that pinch the poor, but has given them a place and an influence in society, which they could never have hoped to attain through any other than that of large wealth, liberally and usefully employed,

To discharge this debt of gratitude, ought to be among the first, as well as among the most pleasant duties which the successful merchant should cheerfully perform.

There is another class who are not merchants, trading in foreign lands, and who have no 'vessels at sea,' and yet their property is involved, in a very considerable degree, in marine risks. They are stockholders in Insurance Companies. Their semi-annual income, and in fact their very capital is dependent in a great measure, upon the character and conduct of sailors. No body can tell how many vessels have been shipwrecked, and how many millions of dollars have been sunk in the depths of the sea in consequence of the intemperance, or the want of faithfulness on the part of seamen; nor can it be shown how many vessels have been saved from being wrecked, and what immense amounts of property have been saved to underwriters, by the sobriety, the energy and the bravery of some true-hearted sailor, whose deeds of devotion to his employers' interests have never been either recompensed or recognized. Insurance Companies could not make a better investment, in every sense of the word, than to appropriate annually, of their large earnings, a liberal sum for the support of the means which are now employed for promoting the moral and Christian interest of the sailor.

We have been led to these remarks by the encouraging fact, that our Missionary to Seamen, has recently received a letter from the

President of one of the Insurance Companies in this city, which affords the most gratifying evidence that the cause of the sailor is beginning to engage attention in a quarter, which promises a mutual benefit.

We have been permitted to make the following extract from this letter:

DEAR SIR,—The Lord having prospered this Company the past year, and believing that our success is in a measure connected with your labors in elevating the moral and religious character of seamen, the Directors of this company, by their vote, have authorized me to present you, for the benefit of your society,—dollars, a check for which amount is herewith enclosed, with a fond hope, and sure trust, that you will be abundantly rewarded for your praiseworthy efforts in the good cause, and that the same kind hand which directs the ship through the pathless ocean, and at whose bidding the stormy winds are silenced, and the angry billows put at rest, will carry us through the current year as successfully as the last; and above all give us the blessings of peace.

Seamen's Advance.

Our crew were a hard-looking set, many of them old men, hardly capable of duty, and all apparently enfeebled by hard labor and exposure, and vicious courses. There was not one fresh looking countenance among them; not one which bore any expression above that of a low sensuality; and not even that buoyancy of spirits which often animates brutes. The monotonous song with which they braced the yards or heaved the capstan, seemed to have no more life in it than the creaking of the ropes or the turning of the windlass. And the miserable condition of their clothing, added to the wretchedness of their appearance. No two were dressed alike. There was every conceivable variety of shape, and color, and texture in coats and pantaloons—the shortest possible

roundabouts and the longest possible overalls—old hats, caps, and huge sou-westers—boots, shoes, slippers, and bare feet. Fallstaff's ragged regiment could not have been worse off. Most of them were drunk when shipped, out of money and out of clothes. All their advance wages had gone to pay the score run up at their boarding place since their last voyage. Consequently when we reached Liverpool, they were wholly at the mercy of those ravening wolves who prowl about the docks to entice new comers to their boarding-hells, where they keep them awhile on the credit of their next voyage, and then pocket their wages in advance, and turn them adrift in the same destitute, wretched condition.

Many sea-fearing men with whom I have conversed on this subject have expressed to me their conviction that much of this evil might be prevented, if the universal practice of *paying seamen's wages in advance* were discontinued. If they did not receive their pay, or only a part of it, until after they had sailed, then they would have some money coming to them when they were sober enough to know its value, and to make a good use of it. A feeling of self-respect and independance would grow up in their minds, and when they arrived at the end of their voyage, they would be better able to look out for themselves, and steer clear of the landsharks. I would fain appeal to ship owners, and agents, and all honest and benevolent persons, who are interested in the welfare of sailors. Is not such-a change practicable?—*N. Y. Evan.*

Silent Influence.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farm-house, that is useful rather than the swollen flood, or the warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "pours it from his hol-

low hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent, or the world—while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gentle flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow every day, and every night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done: it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done.

—♦♦—
* For the Sailor's Magazine.

Advance Wages.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

The custom of paying some advance wages to Seamen is of so ancient a date that it will be with much difficulty changed, although there can be no doubt that such a change would ultimately be beneficent to all parties interested. And as an inducement to the Seamen to forego the custom, it would be well and advantageous to the interest of the ship owner to make a large difference in the wages of such as would dispense with the usages; they would soon find that such men would be more trustworthy, do a much greater amount of labor, be more easily governed, and almost sure to remain by their vessel to the end of the voyage, and from such men ship owners would soon be certain to select their officers. Such a course, steadily pursued even by a few ship owners in any large port, would soon have an influence and lead to a better state of things, and the influence of Sailor Landlords and shipping agents, which have always been detrimental to the Sailor, be measurably destroyed. As a further inducement for the Sailor to abandon the advance wages, they should be secured by a lien upon the owners for a month's or more wages, (as the usage of the voyage may be) in case of a loss of the vessel before that amount shall have been paid in

the progress of the voyage. I have some time practiced upon this plan, and as far as it went, found it of great advantage, giving more faithful, able and better men than such as had a month's advance wages paid to them, and which generally was of little use to them. I could illustrate this by several examples within my recollection but your limits admonish me to be brief.

It would seem that if the ship owners were fully aware of the losses of time and of money, and the insubordination that frequently takes place while the Sailor is working out his "*dead horse*," they would assuredly take some measures to remedy the evil. There is probably no better way to reform the Sailor than to create within him a sentiment of self-respect by treating him kindly and justly, paying him his wages, *if any shall be due*, after he has earned them. Respecting themselves, they would assuredly be respected by their employers, their own friends, and the community.

VICTOR.

A Hiding Place from the Tempest.

Plum Island is at the mouth of the Merrimack River, 9 miles long by about one mile wide; and extending from Newburyport bar, to Ipswich bar. The side next the sea is rolled into sand hills, and ridges; while the other side is a salt marsh. It is a fearfully bleak place in the winter, and wo to the wrecked sailor here who has nothing better than a few leafless plum bushes to protect him from the blast. All honor to the humanity which has built there recently

A Refuge for Shipwrecked Mariners.—Mr. N. Brown, of Newbury, announces that he has erected a substantial hut upon Plum Island, for the benefit of mariners who are unfortunately cast away there. Plum Island is the place where an Eastern vessel was cast away a month or two since, several of her crew perishing from exposure and cold, after reaching shore.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. WM MOUNTFORD.

Delivered in Salem, Mass., before the Seamen's Widow and Orphan Association, and published in the Monthly Religious Magazine.

We are sorry that we can find room only for an extract from this eloquent and stirring Address.

No class of men has been so neglected as sailors, and none so misunderstood as to position. In this respect, things are better now than they have been; though still by the public the sailor is not thought of as he ought to be. To common apprehension, the sailor is a man who likes the sea, and who is almost lucky in his liking. A man with none of the cares that haunt the land! A man of adventure and romance! A man from across the seas! He has heard the great din of London, that is silent never. From on deck in the night, he has heard the watchmen at Hamburg chant his hourly song; and from off the coast of Africa, when the moon has been up, he has heard the maddening sound of the gong. At Rotterdam he has sailed down the middle of the street, through an avenue of linden-trees; and he has walked in the orange-groves of Cuba, and has scented the fragrance of the Spice Islands. He has been among palm-trees and olive-trees, and has eaten dates and figs of his own gathering. At Venice he has heard the bell of St. Mark's call men to church; and in Turkey often, from the minaret of a mosque, he has heard men reminded of prayer by the Mahomedan cry of "God is great." He has been in places where camels walk down the streets in strings; and in cities still further east, where the elephant carries aloft his easy burden; where the pagoda towers on high; and where, in public places, the fakir stands and suffers. He has seen great icebergs grind one another in the running tide, and flying-fish in flocks chased

by the dolphin from wave to wave. In the North he has seen the sky all aflame with aurora; and, at the other end of the world, he has seen the stars ranged in the solemn beauty of the Southern Cross.

A man of romance, and a man of adventures too! He has had the whale in chase, and has himself sailed before the hurricane in safety. In dark nights he has been saved from death by the report of a gun, the mere ring of a bell, or a fitful gleam across the waters. The seaman! He is of the same class with Columbus the discoverer, and with Blake, simple and noble, and with Anson, who girdled the world with his ship's track. A man of skill and triumph! The sea is what it is, only to yield him a ready path across it in every direction. The storm blows mightily, only for him to speed along upon its swiftness. The sea runs high, only for him to have his ship bound from wave to wave like a war-horse beneath him. And it is very dark on the ocean at night, only for it to be all the merrier down in the cabin, warm, light, and snug. The sailor! he is so skillful and brave, that the sea is his pathway, and the winds are his servants, and sun, moon, and stars are signs for him to voyage by.

This is the seaman as he is commonly thought of. And, true enough, this is the seaman. Only that there is something else that ought to be thought of besides this—that ought to be thought of, and felt, and acted on.

Visitors of foreign shores sailors are; but do they return from them always—every one of them? They breathe the atmosphere of foreign countries; but is it always wholesome air they breathe, in the fogs of Holland, and the heats of the Indies, and the ports of Alexandria and Constantinople? Is not it what sometimes pestilence is inhaled with, and fever? Men of adventure, seamen are. And we think only of their courage, and not of their peril. Or, if we do think of their peril, we always

think of them as escaping it, and never as being wrecked by it, or engulfed in it. Thus, because the seaman has been so brave, he has not been pitied; and the more he has deserved, the less he has had at the hands of the public.

A brave man, and a man of adventure, the seamen is. And you admire him. But also he is a man of suffering and sudden death; and you ought to feel with him for this. He finds his way through rocks and straits, and across oceans. He looks on the statue of Peter the Great at Peterburgh. He walks on the Rialto at Venice. He hears how French sounds at Havre. And he knows what the look of life is at Canton. True! And some other things than these he has to know, and they are what other people ought to think of, frost, high seas, storms, rocks, pains, disease, and untimely death. Think of what winter is at sea. Think of what it is to have the waves discharge themselves on the ship with a roar like artillery, and a force not much less. Think of what it is for a sailor to be aloft in the rigging, holding on by a rope, wet with the rain, and with the mast of the ship swaying with the wind like a reed. Think of what it is when men drop from aloft into the sea, or when they are washed from the decks like insects. Think of what it is, day and night, without rest and without sleep, to strive against a storm, against the might of wind and waves; every wave a mighty enemy to surmount, and every rise in the wind what the ship may go down with. Think what it is to strike on a rock, to shriek but once, and then perhaps be drowned. Think of the diseases that come of hardships at sea. Think of what it is to be sick in a lazaretto, and to lie dying in a foreign hospital. Think of all this, and then perhaps you will think rightly of what it is to be a sailor.

"Ah! well," it may be said, "the sailor chooses it, and he is

paid for it." Then say, "He does not choose it, and he is not paid for it." "Ah! well, but he is paid, though he is a man very much to be pitied." But I want a little more than this to be understood. And it is this, that justice is not done the sailor, without more is done for him than he can bargain for in his own behalf. I say that it ought to be felt, that there is more owing to the seaman for his work than can any way be paid him by a shipmaster. The merchant may be just with the sailor, may be generous, may be munificent; and yet there will remain due to him from society, in some quarter or other, a consideration, a treatment, a help, that no other laborer has a claim to. And why? Simply because he is a seaman, and not a landsman. For think what this means. It means that he is a man of other habits, of other ways of thinking and feeling than a landsman has.

"Oh!" says some landsman, "the sailor is a reckless, improvident man; a man of no prudence." Be it so; but, sir, were the seaman a man of what you call prudence, he would not go to sea at all; and you, you yourself, would be without what comes of commerce, and perhaps without a living.

Oh! this has not been thought of as it ought to have been, that from the very element he lives on the seaman is another man than one who lives on the land. I am not speaking now of the officers of a ship, because they are men of education and responsibility, but only of the common sailor. "A thoughtless man, and a man of no self-help," so he is often called by the landsman. But, my good sir, what would you be if you had to live on the water, and not on the land? Have you ever thought of how much your own steady character is from your living on solid land; from your having a church, and being called to it by a bell; from your having a fixed place of business to go to; from your having regular hours of going to bed

and getting up, and breakfasting, dining, and supping; and from your always having the eyes of your friends upon you; from your way in life being a road which you cannot well but keep on, and keep along regularly? And of your prudence, your care of the future, have you never thought how much of it is owing to there happening, day after day, things that hold you to an account,—little matters for next week that very clearly must be provided for? Have you never had to notice either, with only your own going into another town, how you were loosened in your habits, and how you felt weakened in some of your virtues? Think, then, of what the disadvantage is of a life always unsettled.

There are some moral respects, in which the sailor is the better for his life; but, also in certain prudent virtues, circumstances do not help the seaman as they do the landsman. It is not the effect of seafaring to learn to take very good care of one's self. If the sailor is to help himself in his own affairs, as well as the landsman, then he ought to be the better man to begin with, and only the most prudent persons ought to go to sea. The sailor has his own virtues, and he has his own peculiar work; and he has his own—no! he has his sea-going faults. At sea a man does not, and he cannot, think of next year, and of twenty years hence, in the same way that a man does who lives a life of quiet, who looks out on the same scene every morning, and walks the same streets every day, and has the same old objects about him every evening. From the bottom of the gangway to the masthead is not what fits a sailor for the ways of men ashore. If, from choice or disease or age, a seaman would betake himself to business ashore, he is helpless at it; he is disqualified for it, because of its not being done by steering, or by pulling at a rope, or by reefing a sail; and in the same way in regard to many of the chances and ex-

gencies of what may be the future on shore, a seaman does not feel as apprehensively as he otherwise would, because of some other things he has to fear and to struggle with. As to what may be in twenty years, the seaman has not the same feeling as the landsman, from his everyday feeling being different,—not calm and thoughtful, but that of struggle for the instant. Oh! the difference between sea and land! The sailor lives a life of daily, hourly, momentary risk, and he reckons it by voyages. And it is almost all that he can hope for, or care for, or feel for, if he can finish his voyage well, can get well through the next storm, and can keep living from day to day. Hence, in so many ways, the seaman needs help, where the landsman, who is quite as poor, can do without it;—needs in port to have churches and boarding-houses and protection provided for him; and needs to have his family looked after;—and has always a right to these things. He goes on your errands; he dares dangers for you; he lives a strange life for you. And because for what he does for you, he is disabled from doing for himself as he ought to. You, that are the better for him,—it is for you to help him. And, when he dies, the widows he leaves behind, and the orphans he leaves behind,—it is for you to acknowledge that they have something more than a common claim on your charity.

Think what is owing to commerce and the sailor. In this city, a large portion of the wealth is from voyages the seaman has gone on. And there is not a dweller here but is the more prosperous for commerce. The sailor's errand,—the interchange of goods with foreign countries—every one, everywhere, is the better for: the farmer, in his hopes of a market, as he ploughs some field that is skirted by the ancient forest; and the store-keeper as he stands behind his counter, dealing out articles that have come to him he knows not how nor whence.

Think of what you yourselves owe to the sailor. It is because of what the seaman has brought you from Cuba and Europe and the Indies and

China that you enjoy your breakfast, and have your dinner palatable, and have your supper be what you like. If you are sick, oftenest you are cured by remedies which the sailor has brought you, at his peril, from countries across the sea. And very largely, too, it is through the seaman's intervention that you are possessed of those comforts that make of a house a home.

It is by the channel of commerce that you get the literature, the science, the news of foreign countries. It is not without the sailor's help that the arts keep improving; that the engineer works his best in his shop; that the astronomer, in his watch-tower, makes the wisest use of his observations. And it is not without the seaman that often you sweeten your evenings at home with pleasant reading.

You carpet your homes with comforts of the sailor's fetching; you clothe yourselves with articles which the sailor has brought within your reach at the risk of his own life; you are expecting, this year and next year, to have your wants supplied, which they can possibly be only by the mariner's venture. Live comfortably you cannot, live at all perhaps you cannot, without seamen will expose themselves for you, risk themselves for you, and alas! often, very often, drown;—drown in bringing you clothing; drown in bringing you comforts; drown in your service; drown, and leave widows and orphans destitute!

Oh! what a consideration it is that so often my happiness is from suffering somewhere! My salvation is from a death upon a cross. The church I worship in has every one of its pillars deep-founded in a martyr's grave. The philosophy that delights me for its truth is what some wise man had first to learn in bitterness. My comforts are mine, many of them, through some other men's miseries. Commerce spreads the world about me with blessings, but not without there being shipwrecks from it on every coast, and deaths by drowning, several every day the year round. This is a thought for our hearts to soften with.

A Thanksgiving Incident.

It is three years since, early one morning, we stepped into a store on Fore street, and found there a sailor hastily bargaining for a few necessary articles. His ship was upon the point of sailing, and he had no time to spare. But the storekeeper could not change the bill presented, and both were in perplexity. At this moment, a plain, and evidently hard-working man, who had been a spectator, stepped up and exclaimed, "Never mind, Jack, I'll pay the score, so hurry off, or you'll lose your ship." Jack looked hesitatingly at the man, exclaimed, "Thank you, sir," and was gone. We were pleased at the occurrence, and it dwelt pleasantly in our mind for many days. But time wears away the solid stone, and so the memory of the sailor and his friend had passed away from us. We were again in the same store, and it was the day before Thanksgiving. There were many present, but one came slowly and sadly in. He was evidently a poor man, and he whispered anxiously to the storekeeper, and we caught the word "credit." The store-keeper shook his head. The poor man was turning away, when a rough voice saluted him, "Avast there a bit. I have seen you before." We looked, and memory came slowly to our aid. It was the sailor! We looked again, and saw in the poor man him who had so readily paid his bill. The sailor had by this time grasped the poor man's hand, and was astonishing him with an out-pouring of gratitude, garnished with oaths, the upshot of which was that "Shiver his timbers if he'd see him want while he had a shot in the locker." And he was as good as his word for the poor man departed well laden with things for the coming morrow. And so here was a most fitting after part to the little incident of three years before.—*Portland Transcript*.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

THE PIRATES.

There lived not many years ago, on the Eastern shore of Mt. Desert, (a large island off the coast of Maine,) an old fisherman, by the name of Jedediah Spinnett, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burthen, in which he, together with four stout sons, was wont to go about once a year to the grand banks, for the purpose of gathering codfish. The old man had five things of which he loved to boast—his schooner Betsey Jenkins, and his four sons. The sons were all their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said their like was not to be found for fifty miles round. The oldest was thirty-two, while the youngest had just completed his twenty-sixth year, and they answered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John and Samuel.

One morning a stranger called upon Jedediah to engage him to take to Havana some iron machinery belonging to steam engines for sugar plantations. The terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man with his sons immediately set about putting the machinery on board; that accomplished, they set sail for Havana with a fair wind, and for several days proceeded on their course without an adventure of any kind. One morning, however, a vessel was descried off their larboard quarter, which, after some hesitation, the old man pronounced to be a pirate. There was not

much time allowed them for doubting, for the vessel soon saluted them with a not very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under their stern.

"That means for us to heave too," remarked the old man.

"Then I guess we'd better do it, hadn't we," said Seth.

"Of course."

Accordingly the Betsey Jenkins was brought up into the wind, and her main boom hauled over to windward.

"Now boys," said the old man, as soon as the schooner came to a stand, "all we can do is to be as cool as possible, and trust to fortune. There is no way to escape, that I can see now; but perhaps if we are civil, they will take such stuff as they want and let us go. At any rate there's no use crying about it, for it can't be helped. Now get your pistols and see that they are surely loaded, and have your knives ready, but be sure and hide them, so that the pirate shall see no show of resistance. In a few minutes, all the arms which the schooner afforded, with the exception of one or two old muskets, were put about the persons of our Down Easters, and they quietly awaited the coming of the schooner.

"One word more boys," says the old man, just as the pirate came round under the stern. "Now watch every movement I make and be ready to jump the moment I speak."

As Captain Spinnett ceased speaking, the pirate luffed up under the fisherman's lee quarter, and in a moment more the latter's deck was graced by the presence of a dozen as savage looking mortals as eyes ever rested upon.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?" asked the leader of the boarders, as he approached the old man.

"Yes sir."

"What's your cargo?"

"Machinery for steam ingins."

"Nothing else?" asked the pirate with a searching look.

At this moment Capt. Spinnett's eye caught what looked like a sail off to the south'rd and east'rd, but not a sign betrayed the discovery, and while a brilliant idea shot through his mind, he hesitatingly replied:

"Well, there is a leetle something else."

"Ha! and what is it?"

"Why, sir, p'raps I had'nt ought to tell," said Capt. Spinnett, counterfeiting the most extreme perturbation. "You see, 'twas given me as a sort of trust, an' 'twouldn't be right for me to give it up. You can take anything else you please, for I s'pose that I can't help myself."

"You are an honest codger, at any rate," said the pirate, "but if you would live ten minutes longer, just tell me what you've got on board, and exactly the place where it lies."

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and in a deprecating tone he muttered:

"Don't kill me, sir, don't, I'll tell all. We've got forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes and stowed away under some of the boxes just for'ard o' the cabin bulkhead, but Mr. Defoe didn't suspect that anybody would have thought of looking there."

"Perhaps so," chuckled the pirate, while his eyes sparkled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel, he ordered all but three of his men to jump on board the Yankee.

In a few moments the pirates had taken off the hatches, and in their haste to get at the silver dollars, they forgot all else; but not so with Spin-

nett; he had his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the villains disappeared below the hatchway, than he turned to his boys.

"Now, boys, for your lives. Seth, you clap your knife across the fore-throat and peak halyards, an' you, John, cut the main. Be quick now, an' the moment you've done it, jump aboard the pirate.—Andrew and Sam, you cast off the pirate's grapplings, and then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the vessel. Now for it."

No sooner were the last words out of the old man's mouth, than his sons did exactly as they had been directed. The fore and main halyards were cut and the two grapplings cast off at the same instant, and as the heavy gaffs came rattling down, our five heroes leaped on board the pirate. The moment the clipper felt her liberty, her head swung off; and before the astonished buccanneers could gain the deck of the fisherman, their own vessel was half a cable's length to the leeward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind, while the three men who had been left in charge were easily secured.

"Halloa there!" shouted Capt. Spinnett, as the luckless pirates crowded round the lee gangway of their prize, "when you find them ere silver dollars, just let us know, will you?"

Half a dozen pistol shots was all the answer the old man got, but they did him no harm, and crowding on all sail he made for the vessel he had discovered, which lay dead to leeward of him, and which he now made out to be a large ship. The clipper cut through the water like a dolphin, and in a remarkable short space of time. Spinnett luffed up under the ship's stern, and explained all that had happened. The ship proved to be an East Indiaman, bound for Charleston, having, all told, thirty men on board, twenty of whom at once jumped into the clipper, and offered their services in helping to take the pirates.

Before dark, Capt. Spinnett was once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth, he shouted.

"Schooner, ahoy? Will you quietly

surrender yourselves prisoners if we come on board?"

"Come and try it!" returned the pirate captain as he brandished his cutlass above his head, in a very threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he would fight to the last.

But that was his last moment, for Seth was crouched below the bulwarks, taking deliberate aim along the barrel of a heavy rifle. and as the bloody villain was turning to his men, the sharp crack of Seth Spinnett's rifle rung its fatal death peal, and the pirate captain fell back into the arms of his men, with a brace of bullets through his heart.

"Now," shouted the old man as he leveled the long pivot gun, and seized a lighted match, "I'll give you just five minutes to make up your minds in, and if you don't surrender, I'll blow every one of you into the other world."

The death of their captain, and, withal, the sight of the pointed pivot gun—the peculiar properties of which they knew full well—brought the pirates to their senses, and they threw down their weapons, and agreed to give themselves up.

It was two days from that time Capt. Spinnett delivered his cargo safely in Havana, and gave the pirates into the hands of the civil authorities, and delivered the clipper up to the government, in return for which he received a sum of money sufficient for an independence the remainder of his life. as well as a very handsome medal from the governor.

The Cruise of a Bottle.

The American Consul at Turk's Island has forwarded to Lieut. Maury, the following, taken from a bottle that was picked up Aug. 23, 1850, at Long Bay, lat. 21 39 N, lon. 71 26 W.

"U. S. schooner Taney, March 4, 1850, lat. 15 31, noon, lon. 36 9, West. Please report to Lieut. M. F. Maury, Superintendent of National Observatory, Washington, the time and place where picked up.

J. C. WALCH, Lt. Commanding."

This paper was forwarded by H.

Stubbs, jr., to Richard Donnell, Editor of Turk's Island Gazette, who sent it to B. E. Smith, Esq., U. S. Consul, by whom it was forwarded to our National Observatory. The bottle was picked up 172 days after it was thrown overboard. The distance by Great Circle, from the place where it was cast overboard, to the place where it was picked up, is a little upwards of 2000 sea miles, which gives an average rate of travel of twelve miles a day. It is, however not improbable that this little cruiser went along with the Equatorial current into the Caribbean sea, thence into the Gulf of Mexico, and that after passing the Tortugas and Key West, it took the old Providence channel, and was thence cast ashore on Turk's Island. If it took this route, the distance traveled could not be much short of 4000 miles, at an average rate of something like a mile an hour.—*Journal of Commerce.*

OFFICIAL.

Sailing Directions for entering the Columbia River as far as the harbor of Astoria, by Lieut. Commanding W. P. McARTHUR, U. S. N., Assistant in the Coast Survey.

It is best, under all circumstances, to have a pilot on board, but, should it be necessary to enter the river without one, the directions for the *North Channel* are: First, bring Sand Island in range with Point Ellice, and Stand in towards Sand Island, passing the south end of the ninth breaker; when Cape Disappointment and Leading-in-Cliff are in range, haul up towards the cape, keeping Leading-in-Cliff in range until nearly abreast the cape. Give the cape a small berth, and continue on towards Baker's Bay, until the second island in the bay can be seen, then keep off, and with the second island and cape in range astern, it will pass clear of the north part of the Middle Sands. As soon as the soundings shoal on this course, keep off towards Sand Island, and passing close by the east end of the island, get the beacon on the island in range of a tree on Cape Disappointment, which

is trimmed up like an umbrella, and with that range astern, stand on up the bay until the custom-house is on with Young's Point, when haul to the east and keep the last range on till nearly up with Young's Point. Pass along the south shore, running by the lead, until up to Astoria.

To enter the *South Channel*, bring the beacon on Sand Island to bear N. 40° east (true) and Point Adams on the peak, which can be seen east of Point Ellice, and called "Jim Crow," upon which there is a notable tree, nearly in range; the vessel will be then on the bar in the South Channel in the best water. Steer for the beacon, taking care not to sag to the eastward; rather keep close to the breakers on the Sand Island shore. Pass close to Sand Island, and fall into the range of the beacon with the trimmed tree on Cape Disappointment, and proceed as already directed.

The best time for entering is on the first or last of the ebb tide. The last of the ebb is preferable in either channel.

Naval Force of Great Britain.

The following is the official return of the present naval force of the United Kingdom:—

The royal navy consists of 671 ships of war, either in ordinary or commission, varying from 2 to 120 guns each; of this number 178 are armed steamers, of from 100 to 800 horse power engines, constructed on the most approved principles for active sea service. This fleet, the largest of any maritime power on the globe, employs in the time of peace, 35,000 to 40,000 able-bodied seamen, 2,000 strong lads, and 13,000 Royal Marines, consisting of 102 companies, divided into four divisions. Headquarters as follows:—1st division, Chatham, 25 companies; 2d division, Portsmouth, 27 companies; 3d division, Plymouth, 25 companies; and 4th division, Woolwich, 25 companies. Royal Marine Artillery, 10 companies, Portsmouth. Besides which are the Dock Yard Volunteers, namely, Deptford Brigade, Woolwich, ditto, Chatham ditto, Sheerness ditto, Portsmouth ditto, Davenport ditto, the Royal Clarence, Royal

William, and Breakwater Battalions, all of whom are well practised in gunnery and platoon exercise.

Naval Discipline.

A letter from on board the U. S. ship *St. Mary's*, at Madeira, Nov. 14th, referring to the fact that that vessel was the first to sail from the United States under the new act abolishing flogging in the Navy, says that thus far the sailors have behaved better than under the old law, and that only two or three cases of violation of discipline have been reported to the Captain since the ship was put in commission.

The average depth of the Atlantic ocean is set down at 13,400 feet, and that of the Pacific at 18,000. On the western side of St. Helena soundings have been made, it is said, to the depth of 27,600 feet—five miles and a quarter—without touching bottom!

DISASTERS.

The ship *Fanchon*, Lunt, of Newburyport, from Baltimore with coal for San Francisco, took fire from spontaneous combustion, and was burnt to the water's edge at Sechura Bay. The fire was discovered 1200 miles from land, in the Pacific.

Ship *Josiah Bradley*, at this port from New Orleans, 6th inst. in a gale from N. W. Cape May, bearing S. W. saw a sloop running before the wind, with a signal of distress. Bore up for her, which proved to be the *Elizabeth Ann*, of Rockaway, L. I. having been blown off the coast. Took off the crew, consisting of four men.

The *Elizabeth Frith*, from Boston, bound to California, put in leaky; undergoing repairs. The E. F. in lon. 40. rescued eight men from the Br. brig *Isabella*, of Dundee, from Shields, bound to New Haven. The captain and eight men of the *Isabella* were swept overboard by the sea, night, Jan. 6th.

Barque *Elizabeth Frith*, of and from Boston for San Francisco, before reported at Fayal in distress, had repaired and sailed 11th ult. but sprung aleak when four hours out, put back and commenced discharging for repairs, when a gale sprung up 15th; she dragged upon a reef of rocks, beat over and went

ashore on the beach, where she became a total loss.

Steamer *Kenebec*, at this port from Philadelphia, reports: Morning 26th ult. Barnegat Light N. 1-2 E. distant 8 miles, came in contact with schr. *Amazon*, Steelman, hence for Philadelphia, in ballast, striking the schooner abaft the main rigging, and cutting her down; she keeled over on her beam ends and filled.

Schr. *Brace*, Cole, from Baltimore for this port, having sprung a leak at 5 1-2 o'clock same day and sunk in 26 minutes, was abandoned 8th inst. and the crew picked up in their boat same night.

The Greek brig *Maria Terpsitha*, Dimitro, from Liverpool for Alexandria, was wrecked, night 12th ult. on the Arklow Bank, and was totally lost. The master and eight of the crew were drowned.

The *Diana*, of Memel, Bantzig, from Shields, for New York, was abandoned at sea, no date.

The *Geo. Washington*, Snow, of Bath, from Cronstradt, Oct. 1st, for Boston, was abandoned at sea Jan. 8th; crew taken off by the Mortimer Livingston, arrived here.

Haytien schr. *Mary Ann*, (where from or bound not stated) sprung a leak and sunk in Crooked Island passage.

Whaling barque *Popmunnett*, Taylor, of and from San Francisco, Dec. 14th, foundered in a gale 29th. At 8 A. M. a terrific sea struck her larboard bow, threw her on her beam ends, and immersed her hatch in water, when she immediately filled. Six lives were lost, and the survivors, after being exposed for fifty-two hours, were picked up by brig Col. Tayloe.

Ship *Waldron*, Moore, of Boston, from Baltimore, August 13th, for California Nov. 11th, was found on fire lat. 54 21 S. made for Staten Land and distant about 22 miles. On the 13th, could not make Staten Land, and on the 14th, bore away for Falkland Islands, the smoke at the time bursting through the upper works; 15th, made the West Falkland. At 10 P. M. being at the head of a bay (Cathcart's Island,) and unable to get at the cables, took in all sail and got into the boats.

The schooner reported ashore on the Isaac Shoals, proves to be the schr. *Fourth of July*, from the Eastern Shore of Virginia for Norfolk. The schooner and cargo are a total loss.

Schr. *Patuxent*, on Government ser-

vice, drove from her anchors in Trinidad Bay, during a heavy gale of wind from the South East 20th Nov. and became a total wreck.

Ship, *Nonantum*, Bates, of Boston, from Baltimore, July 17th, for California, took fire Oct. 22d, and was run ashore 31st, on East Falkland Island, where she was scuttled. She was a total loss.

The vessel reported as being ashore off Rockaway, is the schr. *Adaline & Rosina*, Williams, from Philadelphia bound to Boston. The vessel will be a total loss.

Ship *Oseola*, was wrecked at the entrance of Realejo about the 16th Nov. no lives lost.

Schr. *Maria Elliot*, Stinson, of and from Bath for San Francisco, was abandoned at sea Nov. 3d. lat. 50 29. S. long.

Barque *Bostonian*, Boyling, (before reported) in going into Umpqua river, Oct. 1st, struck on the Spit, and became a total loss; about one quarter of her cargo was saved. The brig *Kate Heath*, arrived off the river Oct. 13th, when five men and mate of the B. went off to the brig in a whale boat. The mate was put on board, and the boat in returning capsized, and three men were drowned.

Br. ship *Alfred*, from Glasgow for Valparaiso, was burned at sea. The crew (32 persons) arrived at Talcahuano Feb. 11th, in the ship's launch. The fire had been burning three days, and the intention of the captain was to run her into Talcahuano; but when off the mouth of the harbor the flames burst out and it became necessary to abandon her.

Br. brig *Emblem*, where from or bound not stated, was abandoned at sea, no date, &c, crew taken off by barque *Ork*, from Boston for Columbia River, and transferred to Br. brig *Cecilia*, from Motevideo for London.

Capt. Hedelins, (or Hedlins,) of schr. *European*, of New Orleans, whose crew abandoned the vessel when on Ugarte Shoals, and left him alone without boat or other means of saving himself, arrived at Key West in schr. *Relampago*. He was taken off the wreck next morning by the R. The schooner became a total loss.

Schr. *Ellen Perkins*, Smith, of New-London, from Virginia for this port, drove ashore near Shark River inlet, N. J. in the late gale, and became a total wreck.

Brig *Cambrian*, Heard, of and for Baltimore, cleared at Cienfuegos 27th Feb. She probably sailed next morning, but was totally lost in going out.

Schr. *Memphis*, Snell, of Portland, from Wilmington, N. C. for Matanzas, was totally lost night 19th Feb., near Elbow Key, Abaco.

Schr. *Charles Smith*, left Centreville, Md. 28th Feb., for Baltimore, and on the evening of the next day struck a reef off Queenstown creek during a heavy gale, sprung a leak, and soon filled with water.

Br. brig *Ann*, of Annstrathes, from Newport, W. for Demerara, with the loss of bulwarks, bowsprit and leaking, was fallen in with 2d Jan, and the crew taken off by Br. ship *Urgent*, at this port.

Schr. *Carolina*, of Baltimore, which dragged ashore at Bodega in a S. E. gale 3d. Jan became a total wreck.

Ship *Isaac Webb*, Cropper, at this port from Liverpool, has had strong Westerly gales on the passage, split sails, &c. Jan. 18th, was struck twice by lightning, which killed two seamen and disabled five others.

The British ships *Union* and *Ganges*, for Europe, while at anchor off the harbor of Belize, Jan. 25th, during a Norther, dragged their anchors and went ashore and were totally lost.

Br. brig *Constitution*, hence for St. John, N. B. was wrecked on fisherman's Island, near Moosepecca Reach 29th Jan.

Schr. *Priscilla Ann*, from Plymouth, N. C. for this port, was lost on Hog Island 30th Jan.

The barque *Providence*, Carr, of Warren, R. I. from Boston for New-Orleans, became a total wreck morning 31st Jan. on a reef extending North Westerly of Harbor Island.

Barque *Jane*, of Portland, with piles for San Francisco, in leaving Humboldt Bay, Dec. 9th, while crossing the bar got upon the North Breakers, and became a total wreck.

Brig *St. Croix*, Usher, of Bristol R. I. from Warren, R. I. Dec 17th, for St. Thomas, experienced a gale of wind 24th in which lost rudder; and on the 3d Jan. was dismasted. Officers and crew were taken off the wreck on the 15th, by Br. ship *Plato*, and taken to Cienfuegos.

Barque *Clara*, Saunders, from Newport, W. bound to Kingston, Jam. was wrecked 30th Dec, on Coblen Rock, at 1 A. M.

Br. schr. *Albert*, from Cornwallis, N. S. for St. John, N. B. was lost in the gale of Dec. 23d, at Young's Cove, Bay Shore, N. S. and all on board perished.

Schr. *Advent*, Rowe, of Augusta, from Boston for Savannah, with ice, was driv-

en ashore about 40 miles off the Capes of Delaware, night of 9th and became a total loss.

Capt. Ryalson, of the Br. barque, *Rival*, at Savannah, from London, reports: Feb. 7th, saw brig *Antigua*, of Troon, Scotland, with both masts gone, decks swept, and abandoned.

Ship *Robina*, Kane, from Liverpool for Baltimore, experienced heavy gales during the whole passage, and on the 17th March, while approaching Cape Henry, ran ashore, all the passengers on board got ashore safely, except five, who were drowned.

Barque *Fanny McGaw*, of and from New York, for Matanzas, was totally lost on Elbow Key Reef, night 4th March.

Schr. *Walter*, of Lewes, Del., on her return from Philadelphia, shipped a sea, 12th March, off Cold Spring Bar, near Cape Island, and the water communicating with lime in the hold, the vessel was in a few minutes in flames, and became a total loss.

Br. schr. *Primrose*, from Philadelphia for Halifax, parted her chains at Barrington, N. S., 15th March, and went ashore, crew saved, and arrived at Halifax.

The wreck of schr. *Henry Lea*, Smith, of Wilmington, Del., from this port for Wilmington, N. C., was fallen in with 9th March, and crew taken off by schr. *Kossuth*, at Savannah.

Br. brig, *Sarah*, Rudolf, from Fredericksburg, bound to Halifax, N. S., went ashore night 8th March, near Cape Charles. Total loss.

Steamer *Secretary Marcy*, Prescott, of Charleston, left Wilmington, N. C., for Baltimore, 5th March, and was wrecked night 7th, on Cape Lookout.

Br. barque, *Anabella*, from Cardenas, bound to Cork for orders, was boarded 5th March, by barque *Lucerne*, at Charleston, which took from her Capt. Matthews and crew, late of the brig *Eudora*, of Eastport, from Cienfuegos for New York—the *Eudora*, night 3d inst., being between Cape Florida and Gun Key, and blowing a gale from the N. E., came in contact with the *Anabella*. The brig was struck near the foremast, and cut down to the water's edge.

Schr. *Iona*, from Charleston, for Baltimore, night 9th of March, was struck by a white squall, and the Capt. thought he was in the midst of a water spout. She was capsized instantly, and the crew got on the bottom of the vessel, and lashed themselves to the timbers

of the vessel—five minutes after the accident it was starlight and calm, with a heavy sea running. Crew taken off by barque Peter Demill, Hoey, hence for Savannah, and subsequently put on board schr. Truth, at Baltimore. One seaman was left, no one being able to loose him from the wreck.

Barque *Cora*, at Richmond, from New Orleans, reports: 4th March, very dark and stormy on the Gulf, ran into schr. *Bridgewater*, Bartlett, of Kingston, from Franklin, Lou., for Richmond, Va. The *Bridgewater* went down immediately, but the crew were all saved with nothing but what they stood in.

Schr. *Nymph*, Webber, of and from Lubec, for Boston, struck a sunken wreck at 8, P. M., 3d Feb., six miles south of Pemaquid Point, stove a hole in her bow, and went down in thirty minutes.

Schr. *Richard N. Wyatt*, of Baltimore, Newry, from New Berne for Charleston, leaky, and in a sinking condition, was boarded 31st Jan., and the crew taken off by barque Suwarrow, at Holmes's Hole, Feb. 6th.

Sloop *Sarah*, Dennett, from Belfast for Rockland, was wrecked near the latter place night 10th Feb.

Brig *Sarah*, Higgins, of and for Boston, sailed from Cienfuegos 15th, Feb. and at midnight 16th struck on the reef, of Los Jardines, and beat over, leaking badly. The brig *Lancet*, at this port, took off the crew next day.

Key West, February, 25.

Schr. *European* was lost on the Ugarte Reef, on the Mosquito shore, about the 15th inst.

Key West, March, 8.

Br. brig *Mars*, Irvin, from Cardenas for Halifax, ran ashore on the Foy Rocks, near Key Biscayne, 25th Feb. The vessel is a total loss.

Missing Vessels.

Barque *Osprey*, Washington, left Havre, Dec. 21st, for Philadelphia, with 64 steerage passengers, principally Poles, and a cargo of French goods. She was spoken on the 24th, lat. 44. 42., lon. 14. 10. but has not been heard of since.

Sard. brig *Leguria* sailed from Rio Janeiro, Oct. 24th, for Philadelphia, and has not since been heard of.

Brig *Catharine*, Hersey, of Boston, sailed from this port, Dec. 20th, for St. Jago De Cuba, and had not arrived on the 18th ult.

Brig *Ducamin*, Lockhart, sailed from Philadelphia, Sept. 26, for St. Barts, and no tidings have been heard of her since she left the Capes.

Notice to Mariners.

A Red Buoy was placed to-day on the ledge of rocks off the South end of the Lower Middle. It must be passed on the starboard hand, in coming up the harbor. The bearings will probably be published soon.—*Boston Daily Adv.*

Three Rocks, from two to five feet out of the water, with the sea breaking over them, were seen in lat. 40. 35. N. lon. 57. 5. W. by the *Jesse*, Walsh, arrived at Queenstown.

ROCKS DISCOVERED.

Capt. Reade, of brig *Emma*, on a late trip from Tahiti to San Francisco, discovered on the 8th October, lat. 37. 24. N. lon. 137. 27 W. two rocks not laid down on the chart, running N. E. and S. W., one 150 fathoms long and 66 wide, and the other one about 100 fathoms long and 35 wide. On sounding, five fathoms was got on one part, and three fathoms alongside the rock. Capt. R. is of the opinion that in heavy weather the sea would break over it.

BERBICE LIGHT SHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the Light Ship has been removed from the Berbice bar, and is now placed ashore on the Eastern point, at the river's mouth, in lat. 6. 16. 18. N. and long. 57. 29. 30. W. She will carry a black ball at the foremast head during the day, and a fixed light at night. Masters of vessels bound to the port, should bring the light to bear S. S. W. in four fathoms at low water.

An Old Man's Rebuke.

A good old man was once in company with a gentleman who occasionally introduced into conversation the words "devil," "deuce," etc., and who, at last, took the name of God in vain. "Stop, sir," said the old man, "I said nothing while you only used freedoms with the name of your own master, but I insist upon it that you shall use no freedoms with the name of mine."

New York, May, 1851.

Anniversary Meeting.

The Twenty-Third Anniversary Meeting of the American Seamen's Friend Society will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on Monday evening, the 5th inst., at half-past seven o'clock. As on former occasions, the exercises are expected to be deeply interesting and instructive.

Havana Chaplaincy.

HAVANA, March 1, 1851.

My Dear Brother.

Less than three months at this port would not have qualified me to speak of its claims as a station for a Seaman's Chaplain. Permit me now to give you the conclusions to which my judgment leads.

Many of the difficulties and discouragements are only temporary. Political vigilance has imposed restrictions which will doubtless be gradually weakened as the occasions of apprehension are removed. The recent attempt to overthrow the Government awakened jealousy, and rendered stringent regulations unavoidable. On this account some vessels may have been withdrawn for a season, but I have learned that the chief cause of the diminution of our fleet, is to be traced to losses sustained last year, by early crowding the harbor with ships more numerous than the commerce of the place demanded. The sugar and

molasses brought from the interior to this city, does not materially vary in amount from year to year, and must be transported in vessels from the States. Usually, these will be here as early as the crops come in, and in sufficient numbers to afford constant employment to a Chaplain.

You will get a clearer idea of the extent of the field by the following statistics: The number of American vessels arrived at Havana, the first six months of 1850, was 406; in the last six months, 203. The entire tonnage was 276,532, and the number of men 12,008. The departures, the first six months of the same year, were 439—the last six 201. The tonnage of these was 282,651, and the men numbered 11,740. There remained in port the 31st of December, 1850, 14 vessels with 3,069 tons. The number arrived from the 1st of January to the 1st of March, 1851, is 134.

It should be understood that it is essential to the success of a mission here, that the field be permanently occupied. If it were known that the Society would sustain a Chaplain for five or six months of the twelve, officers and crews would be expecting his visits. Their interest in him would increase, because they would come to look upon him as specially toiling for their welfare. My idea will be better conveyed by saying that sailors love to say *our Chaplain*. Under such an impression, they would be ready to contribute to his support, and more willing to listen

to his counsel. No man can understand how to work to advantage in Havana until he has had the experience of nearly one season. Such, in general, is the character of the officers of ships trading at this port, that a minister must mingle with them and enlist a social interest and moral respect, before he can induce them to proffer their vessels for public worship, and encourage their crews in attendance on the preaching of the Gospel. Shipmasters, who seem determined to keep to windward when first introduced to a Chaplain, will bear down and cruise at his side as acquaintance is extended. However adaptive the genius, however sleepless the tact, however ardent the piety of the person sent to watch for the spiritual interests of the sailor, he must have time to make his approaches to the heart. There is a reserve about many seamen which a judicious Chaplain will overcome if ample opportunity be afforded. I am confident that a particular acquaintance with the shipmasters regularly visiting this city, would render it practicable to obtain a ship for service, almost every Sabbath, from December to June.

The Chaplain should not be a transient occupant of the field. He must know the Americans resident on shore, and awake their sympathies in his enterprise. He will often be called to administer consolation to invalids resorting to Cuba in the last stages of a decline, and many a message of comfort may he speak to them. There is a great variety of character to deal with—a great diversity of wants to be ministered to, and a host of prejudices to surmount, but nowhere have I found the susceptibilities of the heart more accessible.

There is less of intemperance among seamen in this port than I was prepared to expect. Some of them are pledged to abstinence, others are restrained from fear of the effects of indulgence in a warm climate, and others again because they have not the means of gratifying their appetite. Dens of infamy on shore are the great Maelstroms into which sailors are attracted and engulfed. Vicious

reading on shipboard does much to prepare the sons of the ocean to be led "like the ox to the slaughter." Very many of our forecastles abound with novels and stories of piratical adventure, whose perusal can scarcely fail to corrupt the mind, pervert the judgment, and give ascendancy to the vilest passions. On some of our vessels there are libraries of religious literature, and wherever these are accessible to the fore-castle sailor, the books seem to be read. In some cases, however, they cannot be reached. Would it not be better than depositing a large number of volumes in the cabin, to expend the most of a fund for a library, in placing cheap and valuable works from time to time directly in the fore-castle? Allow me to add further, that these works should not be exclusively religious. Many sailors might be attracted to the perusal of books of this character, if first furnished with interesting histories and biographies to supercede the pernicious volumes now disordering the fancy and polluting the heart.

Profanity is a besetting sin with the mass of our seamen, and officers of vessels have a great responsibility for extending it among their crews. A Chaplain qualified for the work might do a good service by preparing a letter on this subject, addressed to the former. Such a letter should appeal to their better feelings and the dignity of their station, while faithfully but kindly exhibiting the wrong done to themselves, their crews and Him who has commanded us to "swear not all." But I will get away from didactics.

GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

Last Sabbath I preached on board the Eliza Maria, and requested the assembly to remain after the benediction was pronounced. I then told them the objects of the Seamen's Friend Society in sending a Chaplain to Havana, and asked a subsequent expression of their wishes in respect to the permanent establishment of a Chaplaincy. The response was immediate, and so cordial in its favor, that every friend of the sailor who could have heard it, would be willing

to double his contributions to your funds, if this were called for. Nearly fifty American vessels were in port, and these were well represented in our large congregation. It is time to "clap a stopper" on my pen, but before I do so, a word or two about

A SABBATH AT HAVANA.

At sun-rise on the morning of the Lord's day, all the shipping in port, in answer to the cannon from the castle, is arranged in gala dress, and as all can be seen to advantage, the view of the harbor is unrivalled for beauty. The colors of almost every civilized nation float gracefully to the breeze, but richest of them all is that beautiful Bethel flag, with its dove and olive branch.

At the hour of seven, all the bells in the city ring their chime to matins, and while some of the aged, and the negroes, and a few of other classes make their way to the churches, the sound of the drum and trumpet heralds the march of military companies to their morning drill. The disappearance of the soldiers, makes room for an army of street peddlers, who cry their fruits and wares in a nasal tone, entirely inimitable by a foreigner. At eight, the campanas send forth their most joyous peal, and the city becomes comparatively quiet until ten. Then the bells are again sounded, and, while a few repair to the Cathedral and Churches, the streets are thronged with volantes and omnibusses, and the stores and shops present the usual aspect of business. Along the quay alone is there rest from traffic. Should a bull-fight occur at Regla, across the bay, crowds resort to its vast amphitheatre. In the harbor, multitudes of canopied shore boats are continually plying from point to point. Dinner is served from three to four, and the streets are comparatively deserted. Then comes another military parade.

At five, most of the females of families owning volantes, proceed in them to the *Paseo de Isabel*, and soon there is a continuous line of these stages moving out to Fort Principe, about two miles distant, and another returning, the paseo, meanwhile,

being lined on both sides with members of the male sex, who gather thus to exchange salutations with the women of their acquaintance. In other parts of the town, the sound of the guitar indicates the progress of the dance, while in more obscure places, the diminutive red and yellow flag points out the spot where the game-cocks stir the passions of an eager crowd, who fill the place with resounding shouts. Rambling through the streets, you see numbers at card playing, the window blinds being generally thrown open, and neither glass nor curtains excluding a view of the interior.

The sun-down gun is the signal for the vessels to take in their colors. Then succeed vespers, music on the Plaza de Armas, and the opera at the theatre. At eleven the city is in the custody of watchmen, each carrying a lantern, and armed with a pistol and a spear.

Yours truly,
HENRY M. PARSONS.

Havre Chaplaincy.

HAVRE, March 5, 1851.

There has not been a month during my stay in this port, more full of interest, both pleasing and solemn, than the month just closed. I have, many times every week, had religious conversation with sailors. Many have been in the hospital, some with amputated fingers, some with small pox, some with fevers; frozen hands and feet; some to recover, some to die!

Met a young man from Pittsfield, Mass. His father is a hatter. He left his parents because of their piety, and the too serious air of their neighborhood. Now he would be most happy to return. He begins to feel that religion would be far better for him. He sees his former errors, although I fear he has not fully resolved to turn unto the Lord.

Held an animated conversation with Capt. — about those announcements of the Bible which press so heavily on the natural heart. Man's depravity, God's sovereignty, and the certainty of spiritual ruin in eternity to all who remain impenitent. He visited chapel next day, when I

adapted my discourse to his case. He listened with intense interest, and on Monday addressed me in a most cordial tone.

Met Capt. — in the Consul's office. He attributed all the sailor's obstinacy and folly to the old women and ministers. This assertion came out with an oath. The Consul took the opportunity to differ from him, and to speak of the good that is done here by our mission. He then introduced the Captain to me as the Chaplain. Of course the Captain begged my pardon, and we separated in a very friendly manner. I find the effect often very good when a Captain commits himself in this way. He becomes very friendly afterwards, especially as I take every opportunity to show him that a better acquaintance with those obnoxious men, called ministers, will reveal an occasional redeeming quality. It cannot be denied, however, that they have enough to try their patience. Last week we buried James Merrill of Falmouth, Maine. He was a sailor on board the Milan, Capt. Sturdivant. He met with an untimely end by a fall from the yard while endeavoring to get it free from that of a neighboring ship. The Captain and crew attended the funeral, and manifested a great degree of respect and attention for poor James. He leaves friends in Falmouth. May they be enabled to bear this heavy visitation with Christian resignation. The morning of his burial was one of the loveliest that ever dawned. At a quarter before nine I repaired to the burying ground of St. Roque, a portion of which is devoted to the interment of Protestants. Here I had laid to rest citizens and travelers, and row after row of those sailors who had died in the Hospital, fallen from the yards, or been drowned, or committed suicide. There too I had consigned to his last rest an enterprising and excellent young man (Littlefield) from Brunswick, Me., at whose grave his friends left an affectionate and respectable memorial, and where still an occasional visit is made by some friend of his early years. Waiting for the funeral train, I visited several graves of touching interest.

There was one which contained the dust of two little cherubs, over which the cedar breathed its fragrance, and the lavender and rose-tree were just putting forth their leaves. I was surprised to see written on the wood that bore their epitaph, the Popish words, "Pray for the repose of their souls," and in a box containing the picture of an angel, "Little angels! pray for us!" But the sentiments which these phrases contain are by no means unwelcome among nominal Protestants here!

Another grave contained the remains of a husband and father. It was adorned with beautiful shrubs and flowers, and over it stood a wooden slab on which were recorded his merits. Beneath this record was a circular plate, on which was written, "To my husband—he was the only true friend I ever had." This would be truly touching, were it not that such words are often a veil to hide from the world a life of distrust and strife. Beneath the plate was another fastened there by the hand of a daughter, bearing the words, "To my father—The future and eternal regrets." This is beautiful as an offering of filial affection, but quite un-Christian as an expression of sorrow.

At the head of this grave was a little one that marked the resting-place of an infant which had followed its father to the land of silence. Over it was written this verse, which I have translated rather freely from the French.

"Adieu, my little angel!
Thy place is in the skies;
For perfect beauty cannot dwell,
To gladden mortal eyes."

On this grave, almost hidden by the cedar, and sweet pea, and roses, opened to the light a fresh and perfect polyanthus, so spiritual, that it seemed as if it were the eye of that infant looking back from immortality.

I was called, February 21st, ult., to unite in marriage the Rev. Leo. Ludwic Gavienzel, Catholic priest from Cincinnati, educated at the Jesuit's College, St. Louis. He came over with his Bishop, whom he left at Paris, for the purpose of visiting his friends in Havre. Here he met a

lady with whom he became enamoured eight years ago, while staying at her father's when on his way from Switzerland, his native country, to America. Since that time he became a priest, but on seeing her again his former affection revived, and he resolved to make her his own. He obtains with her a large fortune, and goes to Brazil, where he intends to practice Medicine. He informs me that the German priests generally are beginning to think seriously of getting on foot a movement that shall put an end to the celibacy of their clergy. It may be of some interest to the flock he has left, and which he will probably never see again, to know thus much of his doings and of his destination.

Yours, affectionately,

E. E. Adams,
Seamen's Chaplain.

St. Thomas Chaplaincy.

St. Thomas, Feb. 17th, 1851.

DEAR BROTHER.

Yesterday, we as usual, had our Bethel meeting on board ship. The ship was the *Harmonia*, one of several vessels which have put into our port in distress from the same storm. She was bound to N. Y. from Glasgow, with, I think, one hundred and seventy passengers. Capt. Daggett says he has never known such boisterous weather before, though he has crossed and recrossed the ocean many times. So say many who felt that same gale. She has been upward of eighty days from Glasgow. Her passengers are superior in intelligence, and not so hard run by poverty as many who come to our shores, and above all, many of them are pious. This we might almost expect from their origin. They were glad to learn that preaching might be heard here on Sabbath morning, they had been deprived of it so long. And when the day arrived, heartily did they engage in the services. The voice of many pious singers sounded most delightfully as it rose from souls inspired by the spirit, and as it was borne on by the wind mingling with the deep bass of the roaring sea. It was sweet music. I doubt not their songs of praise were accepted, for the Holy Ghost seemed to be specially with us in token there-

of. Another delightful feature was, so many Bibles were open. The hearers read with the preacher, and examined for themselves what he explained. With these also mingled a goodly number of sailors. Some from the whaler *P.* some from English ships, others from different American ships, and some captains. This, too, looked goodly, for the rich and poor met together to worship the maker of them all. And more than this, we were not forgotten by the citizens of St. Thomas. We noticed some ladies and gentlemen, and some respectable colored people.

After preaching and the closing prayer, at the request of Capt. M'Clinck, a collection was taken up in aid of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

At the close of our services, several expressed thanks and satisfaction at what they had heard and seen. One old lady, supposed "by the way I preached, that I must be from *her* country." I told her no, the gospel was the same the world over: (a full proof of its divinity by the way.) She wished to know where I came from. I said America. She replied, she was glad to find they were good people in America, for that was where she soon expected to be, if the Lord should prosper them.

Yours, most truly,

*In our common work of spreading
the knowledge of salvation.*

T. H. NEWTON.

Seaman's Aid Society, Boston.

The 18th annual Report of this Society represents its affairs as in a very flourishing condition: Its receipts for the past year have been from all sources, and including a legacy of \$10,000 from the estate of the late John Bromfield, \$18,743 81. The legacy has been safely invested. The number of boarders at the Mariner's House has been 1195, from whom has been received \$4,986 38. The sales in the store amount to \$7,282 27, which is \$1,135 42 more than has been paid for goods and work. The stock in the store is worth \$2,277 79. One hundred and fifty days board, and clothing to the amount of \$60, has been given to destitute seamen during the year.

Sailor's Home on the North River, N. Y.

The following report of the Mariner's Home on the North River, under the pastoral care of the Missionary in charge of the FLOATING CHAPEL OF THE HOLY COMFORTER, has been prepared for information of those friends, who so kindly contributed to its establishment, and with a view to interest the members of this church, in aiding to complete the proposed arrangements, which are necessary to carry the work successfully on.

New York, February 12, 1821.

It is nearly four years since I accepted and assumed the charge of the FLOATING CHAPEL OF THE HOLY COMFORTER; and it is three years since I suggested the establishment of a Home for Seamen. But not until May last was it determined to take a house and try the experiment. Accordingly, a few gentlemen came forward and subscribed liberally towards the rent, and three of the number became security for the whole, and through the liberality of others, the house was furnished throughout for about \$225. A keeper of experience in the business, with an excellent wife to manage the internal affairs, and both communicants in the Church, took the charge of it. Through the month of June nothing was done. About the 1st July quite a number of seamen were received for our encouragement, and from that time to the present, the keeper has reported to me that they have kept 323 men. Now let it be remembered that your Missionary has been brought in contact and spoken to, I should say conversed with, if not the 323 men, yet nearly that number. That all have had, and the larger portion have embraced the privilege of daily family prayers, and also that of meeting the Missionary on Wednesday evening, for prayer and singing, and reading Holy Scripture, and of hearing a few words of encouragement and exhortation to forsake the ways and service of sin for the service of our Lord Jesus Christ; and it must, I think, strike us all, that if we want to reach the sailor—influence him—touch his heart, and interest him in religion, one of the best

ways is, unquestionably, through a well-regulated family of seamen. But this is not all. Numbers have been reclaimed from intemperance, and in several instances, men of family, and they have brought their money in various sums, to the amount of \$200, and given it to the keeper to send to their wives and children abroad, which, but for this house, would have been spent for liquor, or at the gaming table. At the Wednesday evening services, the attendance has been from 8 to 30, according to the number in the house. I have had them come to those services, looking as if they wished they could be somewhere else, but when they left, they left in tears. I have had them decline to come at first, but just before they went to sea, they were seen among our little number kneeling down in prayer, and afterwards saying they wished they had been there before. Some have parted with the keeper in tears, begging he would not forget to have the prayers of the Church offered for their safety, and others have even written from foreign ports upon the eve of a long voyage, requesting, among other things, the same privilege. But I will not go on, as I have said enough to show that a Christian Home, rightly managed and conducted, may be made, under God's blessing, one of the most efficient means of benefiting the sailor. You see, at once the Missionary can get acquainted with them, and they with him. Thus a mutual interest is awakened, and that feeling of strangeness so common to all who go to a church where they do not know the minister, is done away, and a home feeling is created in the bosom. We have had many instances of this in the inquiries which the returned seamen have made of the keeper about the minister and the church, and how we are getting on. And then again, a Home under the care of the Missionary, is the best and most efficient, because the minister is recognized and looked up to as a Pastor, and he feels in going there, that he is not altogether among strangers, but, that it is his proper field of labor.

D. V. M. Johnson.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Remarkable Voyage.

The ship Warren, Capt. Lawton, left Glasgow, Dec. 6th, 1851, for New York, having sixty passengers—including the crew, seventy-four souls on board. She encountered a succession of gales, shipped some seas, leaked considerably, until the 3rd of December, when, while lying to in a gale, she was struck by a heavy sea, which carried away her bowsprit, foretopmast, foremast head, and maintopmast.

With no little difficulty the crew succeeded in cutting loose and clearing away the trailing spars which were chafing and injuring the ship's bottom and sides. For six days after, amidst continued gales, all hands were at work to repair injuries as far as possible, and keep the ship under way; when, on the 7th of Jan., the rudder stem was found to be sprung, and soon after they gave way, and the rudder fell off, leaving the ship without rudder or head sails in a rough and tempestuous sea, and the stern planks so started by the wreck of the rudder, that the leak was much increased. All hands and passengers were called to lighten ship by throwing overboard the pig iron. The leak was found and partially stopped.

For two or three days after, the crew were engaged rigging a spare main-yard over the stern, as an oar, to steer the ship, but the sea was so rough this apparatus was found to be of little avail. Capt. Lawton then hit on another expedient. A temporary rudder was constructed of hemp cable, coiled together, to which was lashed bits of plank, chunks of pig iron, and a piece of studding-sail yard as a steering post on the rudder's after part, the rudder's stock being constructed of cable twisted together, and bound round with leather.

Fourteen days were spent, while the deck of the laboring ship was often flooded with water by the sea's breaking over her; in the construction of this rudder, and

launching it over her lee quarter, by tackles from her mizzen mast, at intervals when the sea was a little smoother. After launching it over this way five times, and finding some part deficient and giving way, and taking it in again to repair, they at length succeeded in rigging this odd but ingenious contrivance to the ship's stern, binding it by three guy ropes on each side of the ship, extending from the rudder, some of them to the bow, and fitted with pulleys for tightening them, and braces over the stern to prevent its sinking down under the keel, and then the tiller ropes, fixed somewhat in the ordinary way, completed the rig. Whether this was anything like the rudder bands they loosed in Paul's shipwreck, we cannot say, but certain it is that New Yorkers have never seen a ship in such stern gear before. On the 24th of January, thus rigged, the Warren was ready to head towards New York again, and on the 26th of March brought her passengers and crew safe and sound and in good health, into port, making the passage in one hundred and seven days. Although, in these days of steam and clipper ships, the passage is not a *crack* one for time, it is, for the skill, patience, perseverance and courage of Capt. Lawton and his noble crew. Several ships passed them while in this crippled condition; one so near as to see what was the difficulty, but passed without speaking them or showing her colors. Another, a Hamburg vessel, spoke them, and offered to lie by and take off the passengers and crew, when the gale blowing at the time, should subside. The kind offer was declined. Soon after, all hands were put on short allowance of food and water. Ship Agnes, of and for London, spoke them, offering to take them off. The passengers and crew were told that such of them as chose could leave the ship. The Captain was asked if he designed to leave. "I shall stay by her," was his reply, "if I stay alone, and as I fall in with ships

get a man here and there to help me in with her," at the same time offering the crew \$300 extra to stay with him and work her into New York, for some of them and the passengers were for running for the islands. They did stay, not for the money only, but because their Captain staid, and by the blessing of a good Providence, by *their* staying in the ship, all got safe to land. A few days before they reached port, the ship, Isaac Howland, Capt. West, fell in with them. He lowered his boat and came on board, and finding them so destitute of food and water, that for days, the Captain had given almost his own entire allowance of water to the children crying for it around his cabin door, and sent a part of his own allowance of food to the half famished mothers; he bountifully supplied them with both, and some fresh fruit, for which he would receive no remuneration but the thanks of those ready to perish.

Anniversary of the American Bethel Society.

BUFFALO, April 4th, 1851.

Having been permitted to be present at the fifteenth annual meeting of the American Bethel Society, held in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, I have thought that duty demanded of me an attempt to give more public notoriety to this noble cause through the columns of your paper.

The exercises of the occasion were opened with a sermon by Rev. W. C. Wisner, of Lockport, on Tuesday evening, April 1st, in Rev. Dr. Chester's Church, from Malachi 2: 2. The sermon was admirably adapted to the occasion, and especially to the particular locality where it was delivered. The American Bethel Society, having for its field of effort the inland commerce of our country, now almost double our ocean commerce in the number of men employed in carrying it forward, and several times greater than our foreign commerce, in the pecuniary value of the property committed to their hands,

the preacher wisely decided that this commerce was one of the greatest temporal blessings bestowed upon our people, and that the natural and artificial advantages of conducting it had done more than all things else to build up the thriving cities and villages which dot the face of our country far away from the sea coast. While Buffalo, the key connecting these great inland seas with the ocean, through which the surplus products of the illimitable West must necessarily pass on its way to a market—Buffalo, created by this commerce, sustained by it, should show its gratitude to God, lest these blessings should prove a curse.

The preacher intimated that all the fault they feel disposed to find with the moral character of the sailors of our lakes, or the watermen of our canals, might be chargeable to our own account, for not doing our duty to the employees, by scattering among them the blessings of the gospel, and thus manifesting our gratitude to God.

After the sermon, some items of business preparatory to the annual meeting, were attended to, and the services closed. On Wednesday evening, at the Washington street Baptist church, the fifteenth annual meeting was held, Moses Bristol, M. D., Vice-President, in the chair. Officers for the year were appointed.

The report of the Treasurer was read, showing as the amount of receipts for the year, \$12,544 14, including \$5,621 53, which was raised and expended by a branch of the society, occupying the State of Ohio and adjacent parts.

The report of the Executive Committee was then read by Rev. Mr. Stillman, the indefatigable Secretary of the Society. It represented the work committed to their management as intimately identified with all the enterprises of Christian benevolence which belong to our age, so that they could not falter in their work without crippling the enterprise of our

foreign and domestic missions, and diminishing the interest that is felt in the distribution of the Bible and religious tracts.

The Society had employed as Chaplains and Missionary Colporteurs during the past year, fifty laborers. They had been located at Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Sandusky, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Oswego, Whitehall, Troy, Albany, and on the following canals: Illinois and Chicago, Wabash and Erie, Miami and Extension, Ohio, Erie Extension, Erie canal and tributaries, Northern Canal, Delaware and Hudson, Delaware and Raritan, and Morris. One missionary also among the canal boatmen in the city of New York. Many interesting facts and incidents were mentioned in the reports of the missionaries, from which extracts were made, and the audience were addressed by Rev. Mr. Seagur, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Buffalo. Rev. R. H. Leonard, general agent of the Western Auxiliary, and Messrs. Dickey and Harwood, two of the Society's Missionaries. For one, I was highly gratified with what I was permitted to hear, and only regretted that there were not more present to participate in the pleasures of the occasion.

Donations in Philadelphia

Through Rev. E. H. May,

A. G. Ralston for two years \$20, Watson & Sons 10, Butcher & Brothers 10, Samuel H. Perkins Esq. 10, Mrs. John Bohlen 10, John Bohlen Esq. 10, Miss Bohlen 10, Henry Bohlen Esq. 10, William Platt Esq. 10, C. T. Platt Esq. 10, Souter Jones & Co. 10, Edward S. Whelen, Esq. 5, W. R. Lejee Esq. 5, J. Cabot Esq. 5, Levi Bunker, & Co., 5, W. R. Hanson Esq. 5, C. Harkness Esq. 5, Burnett, Withers & Co., 5, Wm. Martin Esq. 5, John H. Atwood, Esq. 5, Rowley Ashburner & Co. 5, George W. Lord, Esq. 5, C. E. Spangler, Esq. 5, George McHenry & Co. 5, S. M. Wain & Co. 5, Robert B. Davidson Esq. 5, M. R. Perkins Esq. 5, James L. Claghorn, Esq. 5, John B. Myers Esq. 5, J. B. Baucroft Esq. 5, George R. Kellogg Esq. 5, Charles Vezin Esq. 5, Mrs. Lamb, 5, John C. Farr 5, Mrs. Hertzog 5, W. G. Mentz Esq. 5, Atwood & Co. 5, Smith, Field & Co. 5, John P. Crozer Esq. 5, Samuel Alter Esq. 5, C. Cope, Esq. 5, Andrew Wight, Esq. 5, John H. Martin, Esq. 5, J. C. Davis Esq. 5, T. C. Mercer Esq. 5, Newbold & Co. 5, A. Robertson, Esq. 5, E. Sandford, Esq. 5, Thomas Ridgway Esq. 5, Mrs. M. A. Earp, 5, T. Sharpless & Sons 5, Joseph T. Sharpless 5, Peter Farnum, Esq. 5, J. R. Ingersoll, Esq. 5, Wistar Morris, Esq. 5, Dulles & Aarson 5,

Michael Reed, Esq. 5, Mrs. W. Brown, 5, Rev. W. Hinds 5, Mrs. E. Spohn 5—364. In smaller sums—119 25. Total—\$483 25.

Account of Money

From March 15th to April 15th, 1851.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. Timothy P. Gillett, by Cong'l Soc'y, Branford, Ct., - 50 00
Rev. Thomas E. Vermilye, D. D., by Jonathan Sturges, (am't ack'd below.)
Rev. Joseph McElroy, D. D., by his Cong'n, (am't ack'd below)

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

George Pelton, by collection in Great Barrington, Mass., (in part.) - 6 50
Wm. Newton Tucker, Lenox, Mss., by Miss H. P. Taylor, (am't ack'd below.)
Rev. H. Fletcher, by Baptist Soc'y, Townsend, Vt., (balance,) - 5 00
Czar Dunning, Brooklyn, N. Y., (amount ack'd below.)
Mrs. Margaret J. Loring, by Ladies' Bethel Association, Yarmouth, Me., - 20 00
Mrs. Rebecca McElroy, by Ladies of Rev. Dr. McElroy's Cong'n, (am't ack'd below.)
Levi Boardman, by First Cong'l Soc'y, Sheffield, Mss., - 20 00
Mrs. Norman Savage, do. do., (in part.) - 7 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Hilton, by Ladies' S. F. Soc'y, Beverley, Mss., - 20 00
Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, by Cong'l Church and Society, Stoneham, Mss. 20 0
Alonzo Bosworth, by Friends in W. Springfield, Mass., - 20 00
Lemuel Smith, do. do. - 21 00
Benjamin Colton, do. do. - 21 00
Miss E. L. Torrey, S. Weymouth, Mss., 20 00

Donations.

From Third Pres. Ch. Brooklyn, N. Y., - 45 35
Cong'l Soc'y, Lenox, Mss., - 69 20
J. H. G—y, New York, - 5 00
Ref'd Dutch Church, Yonkers, N. Y., (balance,) - 10 56
Cong'l Soc'y, Concord, W. Parish, N. H., 9 00
Ref'd Dutch Church, Franklin st., N. Y., 19 75
South Pres. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., - 159 50
Ref'd Dutch Church, Lafayette-Place, 266 00
E. J. Woolsey, New York, - 50 00
Ref'd Dutch Church, Harlem, N. Y., - 55 40
Plymouth Ch., Brooklyn, H. W. Beecher, Pa-ter, - 143 69
C. H. A—, New York, - 1 00
S. V. A—, - 5 00
Friends in Meth. Epis. Church, Lawrenceville, N. J., - 3 00
Rev. Dr. McElroy's Cong'n, N. Y., - 214 00
Church and Cong'n, Plainville, Ct., - 5 00
From —, (name mis-laid,) - 8 00
Mrs. E. Munson, Watlington, Vt., - 5 00
Collection on board brig Fanny, at St. Thomas, W. I., - 3 00
Reformed Dutch Church, Flatlands, L. I., 5 62
Reformed Dutch Church, Flatbush, - 45 07
First Church and Soc'y, Springfield, Mss., 32 60
South Church and Soc'y, Springfield, Mss., 38 05
Juvenile Soc'y, Fitzwilliam, N. H., - 9 00
Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y, N. W. Abraham, Mss., 13 58
First Church and Soc'y, Chicopee, - 6 00
A Friend in Southwick, - 5 00
Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y Chester Village, (two years) - 19 72
Third Church and Soc'y, Chicopee, - 17 00
Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y, Westford, (in part) 10 50

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